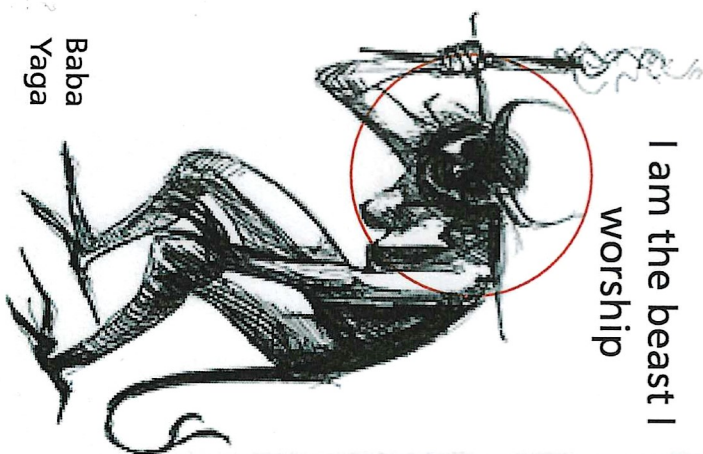




Death Grips isn't for everyone. I can't recommend them to everybody

Beware, god is watching

I close my eyes and seize it  
I clench my fists and beat it  
I light my torch and burn it  
I am the beast I worship

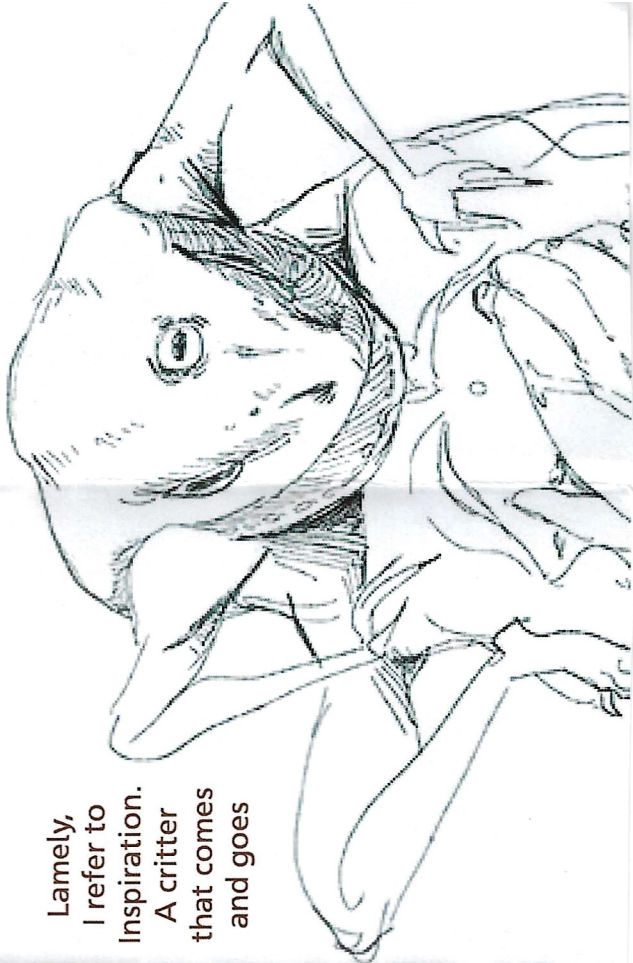


I am the beast I worship

Baba Yaga

And yet these horrid words and static explosions force me to focus like nothing ever has. A greedy beast forcing my eyes together, an inspiration from the gutteral.

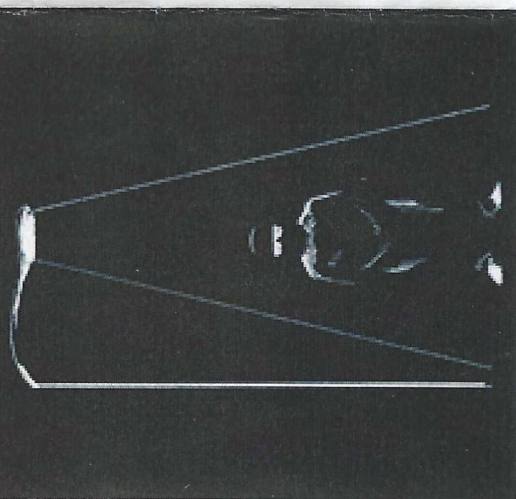
Lamely,  
I refer to  
Inspiration.  
A critter  
that comes  
and goes



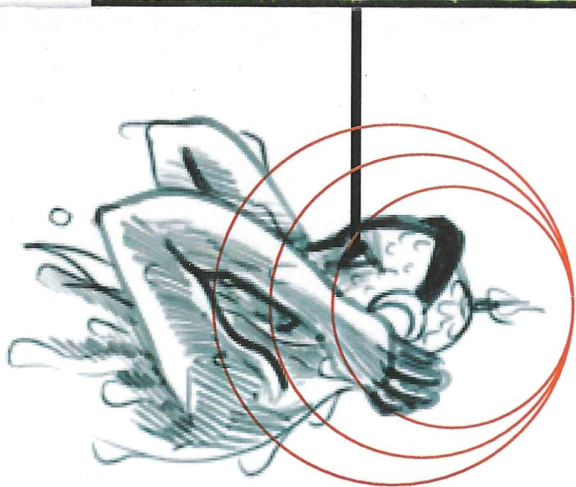
Freshman year, busy year.  
Different genres knock at my door  
DEATH GRIPS  
stood out against the harrowing  
alley of music cliches.



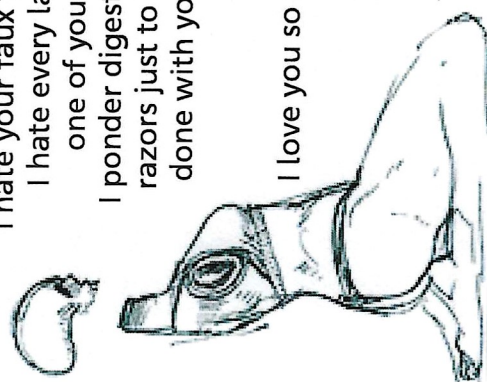
This man is screaming  
at you. Words that don't travel  
Phrases that don't make much  
sense, sounds that confuse.  
And he coils back and  
calls himself a fly



Disgusting, howling electronics.  
A man shouting at god  
"can't believe life takes this long"  
Vulgar, existential, angry.



"Fragmented figures of speech"  
Words that call upon the body,  
lusting for it, hating it  
"I hate you so much  
I hate your laws  
I hate your need to cause  
I hate your faux touch  
I hate every last  
one of you  
I ponder digesting  
razors just to be  
done with you.



I love you so much"